

WHEN I THREW FLOWERS AT HIS FACE

he said you're like someone
who has taken all the hurt
pain the feeling packed
it rolled it tight in
wads of paper small hard
paper apples you're carrying
them in both hands they're
always on the verge of
you could spill them walking
across the tight rope
juggling them when you
have to twisting keeping
it all where you can handle
it and not lose yr balance

ANGER

pits i couldn't swallow or spit out
the past 3 days listening to you
stamp around in your death shoes
screaming fire how you hated
the poems i couldn't talk was
afraid to go get the mail

last night in the house down
state the black was still in my
throat i curled like a comma
saying wait got up while the
frost still hid the sun wrote
down the blackest apples

flowers from the dark until
the mean grew out of my fingers
on to this page away from the
bed where i'm lying with another
man writing you out of me

MAD GUN MADONNA

she goes back to
her old man for
the 12th time but
keeps a revolver
under the bed no
more mad weeping
in the snow for
this baby

THE MAN WHO
THINKS HE

can ditch you put
you aside for a
little gum under
the counter water
under the he'll
pay the bills may
be take you out
for chinese food
ten months pass
he goes to chile
never understands
when he wants to
move back into
yr flannel there
could be a new
man in yr sheets
in the poems he
made you write

TUESDAY

sun thru branches
gold water on the

copper samovar
butterfly wings

on the silk turbans
striped caftans

men watching the
myrna chatter in

a language no
one still speaks

in this country